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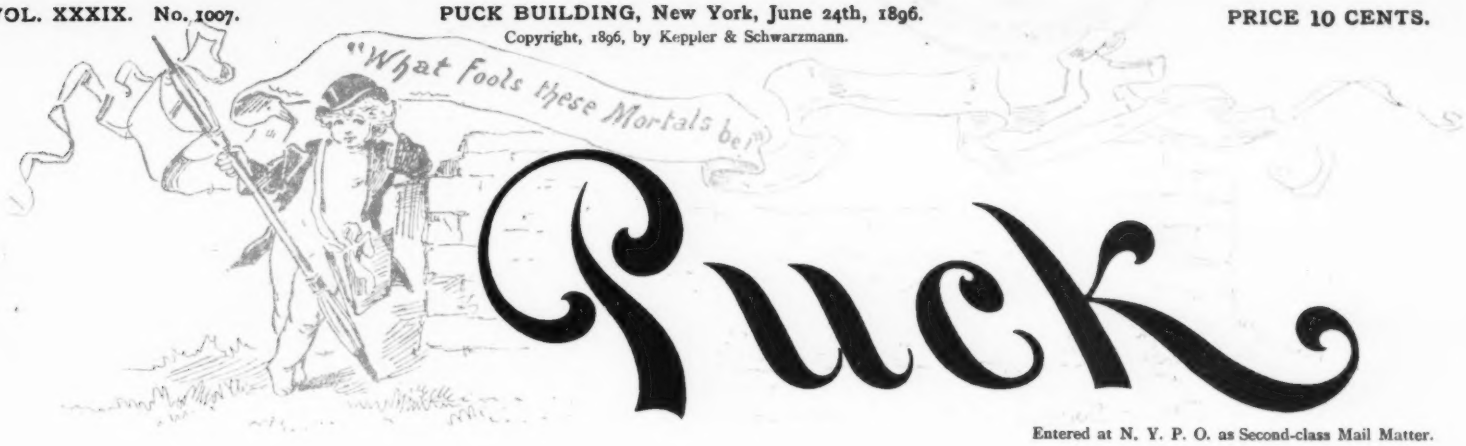

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SILVERITE

SOUND MONEY DEMOCRATS

DEM. PARTY

ABYSS OF POLITICAL MANIA

J.S. PUGHE

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GONE CRAZY.

PUCK

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JUNE.

BEES A-BUZZIN' in the flowers,
Hours;
Hawks a-circlin' in the sky,
High;
Bob-o'-links is all in tune,
Yonder flaps a lonely loon,
Clover scent 's a blessed boon,
June!

Grass is fresh an' bright an' clean,
Green;
There 's a whisper in the trees,
Breeze!
In the sky 's a ghostly moon,
Pale bekuz it 's riz too soon,
Always *hungry* when it 's noon,
June!

Earle H. Eaton.

A CAMPAIGN INCIDENT.

"FELLOW CITIZENS," said the Nebraska candidate, "last week I was offered a gold piece and I scorned to take it; I spurned it from me; I spat with disgust upon it, base money of the plutocrats!"

The chairman of the meeting rose to his feet.

"What 's that you said you did?" he asked, incredulously.

The story was repeated, and the chairman faced the meeting.

"Boys," he said, in a voice full of suppressed emotion, "I move that this feller 's a dodblasted fool!"

The motion was vigorously carried.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

FIRST VENEZUELAN COMMISSIONER. – This is no easy job.

SECOND DITTO.— It might be worse. Suppose we had been appointed to find out McKinley's views on the money question?

AT A MASS MEETING.

"I hate the stubborn!" shouted the statesman.

"That 's why you avoid facts!" yelled the man in the gallery.

HE GUESSES AT IT.

SILAS.— I see where it says two Senators was paired at Washington the other day. What does that mean?

HIRAM.— I dunno, exactly; but I guess it 's where one of them can't be on hand and he arranges with the other feller to do talkin' enough for both.

NOT A HOPELESS PROBLEM.

JONES.— I tell you, Senator Cashman has always had the instincts of a monopolist.

TOMPKINS.—Yes, indeed! I believe he lies awake at night trying to devise a scheme for buying up the rest of the seats in the Senate and holding them by proxy.

AN EXPRESSIVE SILENCE.

SHE.— Do you mean to say that Papa did n't reply to your request for my hand?

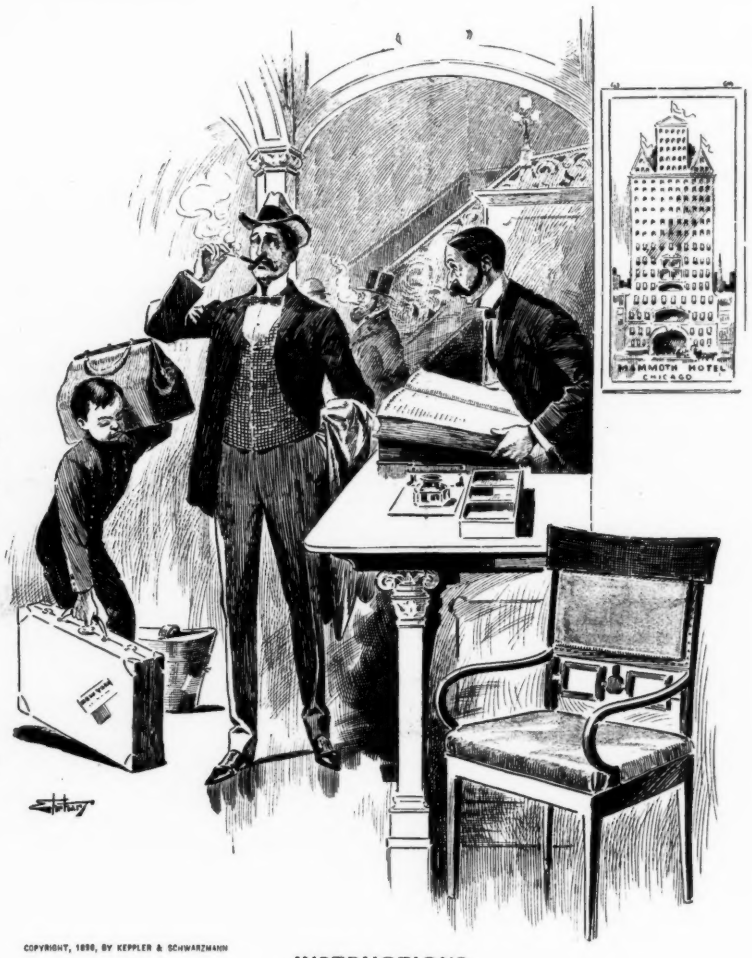
HE.— No. He said he could n't find words to express himself.

HIS STATUS.

"And, Tillman, the effervescent cyclops of South Carolina — how shall we catalogue him?"

"As the male Mrs. Lease, of course."

LAWYERS ARE better paid for securing divorces than ministers are for marrying; but ministers do not have to hunt for evidence.



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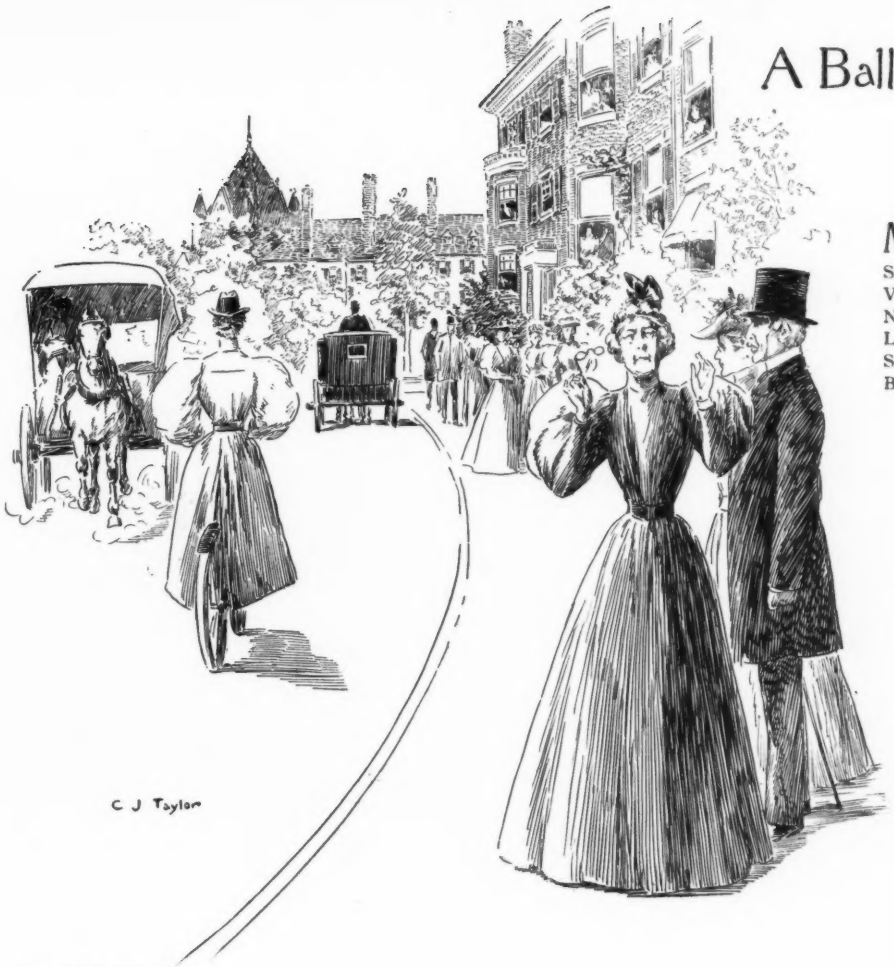
INSTRUCTIONS.

CHICAGO HOTEL CLERK.— I shall have to give you a room on the eighteenth floor, sir.

GUEST.— All right. If anyone calls to see me, tell him I am out of town.

A Ballad of Boston Town.



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MISS JANE PENELOPE BREWSTER, of lineage running back
To ancient Plymouth's founders, with never a flaw nor crack,
Supposedly daft on Browning, Emerson and Thoreau,
Very select, correctly cold, and all that stuff, you know;
Never appearing in public without a chaperon,
Loaded with B. C. wisdom, but to modern larks unknown,
Suddenly caused the Boston mind to totter and quake and reel
By riding out through the Back Bay Fens, mounted upon a wheel!

Gay society snickered, cultured society wept,
Still on her awful downward course Miss J. P. Brewster kept;
Her long skirts soon gave way to short; bloomers succeeded those.
What did they say on Beacon Street? That 's too much to suppose.
Pleadings and solid argument, ridicule, cuts and scoff
Fell to her lot, but still she went reeling "centuries" off;
Soon she was winning prizes; her intimates, full of pain,
Finally let her pedal; said she had "wheel on the brain."

But after a while what happened? Jenny shook off her shell,
Got acquainted with real folks, grew to be plump and well;
Found out something about the world that 's whirling along to-day,
Read an occasional novel, did n't despise the play;
When the season was over, the girls of her ancient set
Found she 'd married the very man they all had hoped to get;
Instead of wheel on the brain, the facts in the case reveal
That when Miss Brewster rode there was a massive brain on the wheel!

Frank Roe Batchelder.

AN ART CONNAISSEUR FROM THE DARK CONTINENT.

LITTLE ETHEL went to visit her grandparents in the South. It was her first visit there, and as her grandfather was a man of wealth and taste, and had filled his house with rare and beautiful objects and pictures from all over the world, the little girl found much to interest her. The old "Auntie," to whose care she had been intrusted as nurse maid, therefore piloted her around the mansion, very proud to be able to show off and explain all those elegant things which belonged to her employer and one-time master.

"Dis here am a yoil paintin', honey," she would say as she conducted her charge round the drawing room. Finally Ethel's eyes spied a rich Rembrandt plate, and as she stood gazing intently at the sombre old portrait she asked: "Say, Auntie, what is that?"

"Dat, chile; dat am a scratchin'."

"A what?" queried the puzzled child.

"A scratchin', honey; or, leastways, it 's a scratchin', or else a itchin', I disremember disactly which."

WHAT ATTRACTED HIM.

JACK.— There 's a dash about Miss Millyuns I like.

TOM.— It 's her "dot" that takes my eye.

CALCULATION.

FIRST SUBURBANITE.— They talk of starting a paper in our town.

SECOND SUBURBANITE. — They can't get subscriptions enough to support one.

FIRST SUBURBANITE.— No; but they figure that the advertisements of real estate for sale would give it a good start.

HE GOT HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

CUSTOMER.— I *did* try a hair-restorer once. It did me no harm, and I 'm inclined to think it was worth what it cost me.

BARBER.— How is that? It does n't seem to have restored your hair.

CUSTOMER.— Oh, no! but it kept me for a couple of months in a cheerful and hopeful frame of mind.

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AN EXCEPTION.

OLD GOTROKS.— What 's that? Marry my daughter? Bah!— Marriage is an insane desire on the part of a young man to pay a young woman's board.

CHOLLY HARDUPP *(rattled)*.— Not with me it is n't, Mr. Gotroks; nothing is farther from my thoughts.

A MOMENT OF SADNESS.

"Marriage a lottery?" sighed the maid,
As she thought of her dead romance
Which had faded as Summer roses fade;
"Alas! I may never get, I 'm afraid,
A chance to take a chance."

WOMEN'S WAYS.

Seated in the cable-car they were discussing a recent poisoning case, and the one with the picture hat exclaimed:

"The idea of her poisoning her father and mother! She must have been crazy! If it had been her husband it would have been different! Or her children! Or even herself! But her own father and mother! Not a step-mother, either!"

And the one with the orchid boutonnière replied:

"Oh, well, they 're an awful tough set living in the towns on that old Erie road, anyway! Every one of 'em 's full of cripples that 's been smashed up in railroad accidents. Why, I was in Calicoon once, and I counted nine men and one woman without legs or arms in one day; and three children, in that little town alone, going on crutches."

"I can't agree with you there!" said the picture hat. "A friend of mine sold a piece of lawn to the Erie Road and they made it up into a station, — Flower station, too, — just lovely! With the name all marked out in begonias."

"That does n't count for anything!" responded the boutonnière. "I knew a woman, once, that came from up around Lordville somewhere — she was a milliner and had a glass-eye; and she was just no good on earth! She — "

But what the glass-eyed milliner did that was reprehensible we never learned; for just then the car gave a Fourteenth Street lurch, and when the boutonnière was re-adjusted, and the picture hat on straight, the conversation changed.

Madeline Orvis.

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A FLUMP.

MAJOR GORE.—Was the convention as enthusiastic as usual, Cuhnel?

COLONEL CORKRIGHT.—No, suh; it was almost a flat failure. W'y, Majuh, they lodged quite a numbuh of the delegates in private houses from fo' to six blocks from the nearest saloons!

INFANT LOGIC.

"Do you live in a house to yourself, or in a flat?" asked the young hopeful.

"In a house of our own, you funny little boy; why do you ask?"

"Because then I know what you are; you 're a neighbor. When the Smiths lived in a flat across the street, Ma said they were nobodies; but since they have moved into the big corner house, she says they are neighbors."

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SURE DEATH.

EMPLOYER.—Why, John, you have been engineer of this building for twenty years. I don't think it right that you should leave without notice.

ENGINEER.—I must consider my wife and family, sir;—the boilers have just been inspected by experts, and declared sound.

TWO VIEWS.

(Before the Verdict.)—"Gentlemen of the jury, it has rarely been my good fortune to gaze upon the countenances of twelve men so honest, faithful and so intelligent as those I now see before me."

(After the Conviction.)—"Your Honor, I move that this verdict be set aside. The foreman of the jury is *non compos mentis;* Number three has been bribed; Number six is a man of grossly intemperate habits; Number nine expressed decided opinions on the case before he was selected as a juror. I will have affidavits concering the others in a few days."

OUR PORTRAITS show us how we would look if we were handsome.

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ENFORCED CARELESSNESS.

MRS. GREEN *(to* GREEN*)*.—James, be careful; be careful! Do you want to upset us? Look where you are going!

A SAD STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

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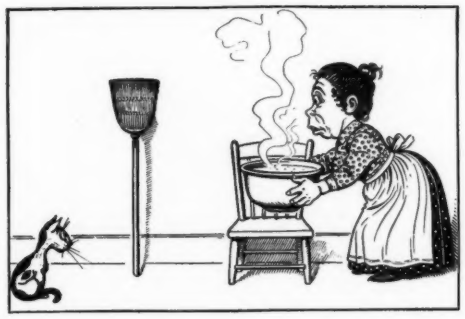
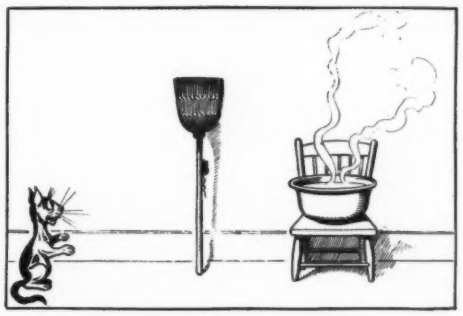
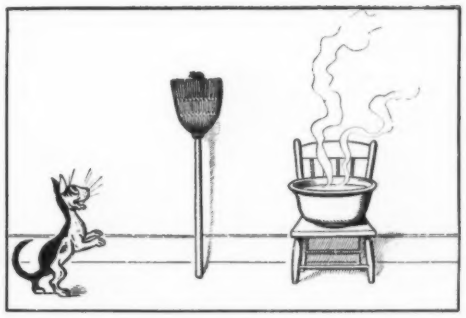


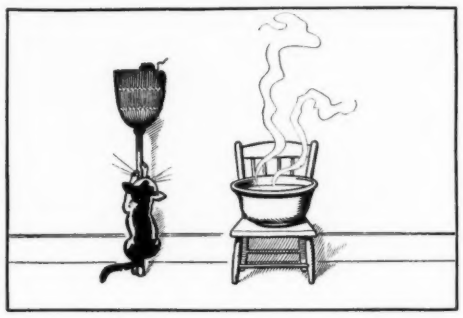
THE COOK.— Now, Tom, Oi 'm a goin' to put this puddin' here to cool, an' it 'll be worth yez loife if yez touch it. Now, moind!



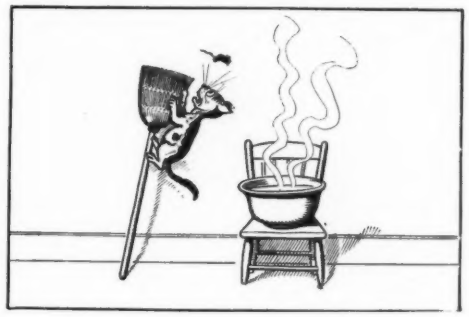
TOM.— What she says goes with me every time. I would n't touch that pudding now to save my nine lives. What 's that? A mouse!



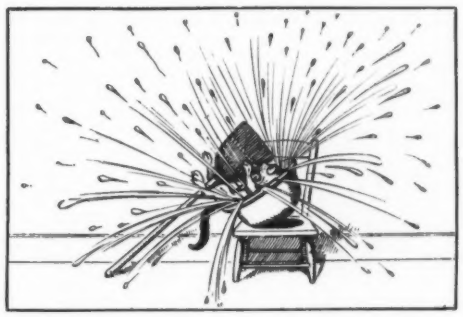
"Oh! I can get you up there, Mr. Mouse, just as well as not.



"Prepare to die, my little man!



"Hi! You coward! What did you jump for?"



—! —! —! —! —! —!

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

"Oh! I know I look like a perfect fright!"

It was the same old female expression but on this occasion it was true.

She wore home-made bloomers.

"SOME OF THOSE English editors make amusing blunders regarding American geography. Now, here is one who speaks of the 'Province of Chicago.' Think of it!"

"Well, I should judge that the editor had been there and knew what he was talking about."

IT IS better to be bluffed than it is to call a bluff that is not a bluff.

THE COOK.—There, take that! Oi 'll tache yez to moind me whin Oi tell yez!

HIS DECISION.

"Fool that I was!" exclaimed the young Earl, bitterly. "Fool that I was to barter my ancestral name for a paltry million!"

"What is the trouble?" asked his friend.

"I have just met a girl worth two millions, and I believe she would accept me."

"Will you break your engagement, then?"

For some minutes the Earl was immersed in thought. At last he spoke: "No!" he said, resolutely. "Come what may I will be true to the ancient motto of my race, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

A MERE PRETENDER.

BAGSHAW.— I believe some people consider D'Auber quite an artist.

BRADSHAW.— The idea! — he an artist! Why he never designed a poster in his life!

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NO DOUBT ABOUT THE COLOR.

BRIDGET.— If ye plaze, sor, the butcher has called for his bill, an' he says he 'll not l'ave until he knows the color of your money!

MR. QUIPSON PUNNS *(the humorous writer)*.— Well, tell him that to-day it is an invisible green.

A PROSPECT OF RETRIBUTION.

FIRST BALL-PLAYER.—They say this umpire 's goin' to get married.

SECOND BALL-PLAYER.— Is he? I hope he 'll know how it is, himself, not to be let talk back.

THE FAD.

Though some girls may count their admirers by scores,
And loud of their victories prate,
The maiden whose followers
number the most
Is the one on the fashion-plate.

THE THEORY that the higher the altitude the purer the thought leads to the conclusion that some of our widely circulated papers are edited from the basement.

IN AUTOBIOGRAPHIES there is no such word as fail.

THE GIRLS in a Western Seminary organized a foot-ball team, but the first game broke up in a row. Every girl of them came on the grid-iron with a foot-ball up her sleeve.

IMPLICIT OBEDIENCE.

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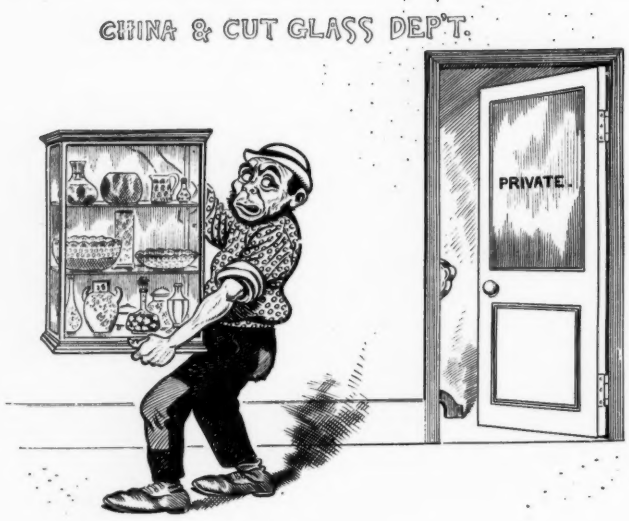

PROPRIETOR *(from his private office)*.— Patrick! Come here!
PATRICK.— All roight, sur! One moment, sur! Oi 'm busy!

PROPRIETOR *(angrily)*.— What do you mean by telling *me* to wait? Drop everything right where you are and come here immediately!
PATRICK *(with set lips)*.— All roight, sur!

TWO VIEWS OF IT.

SHE *(sentimental)*.

SEE, YONDER sinks the sun unto his rest,
Behind the hills goes down to his repose;
And, as he kisses yonder rugged crest,
The jealous heavens blush — like any rose.

HE *(prosaic)*.

I swear I can not see it as you do—
Though I confess the coming of the night.
Suns neither sink nor kiss! Our world rolls round,
The hills flop up and shut the sun from sight!

Judith Spencer.

INFORMATION.

NEW ARRIVAL *(at Summer resort)*.— What does a day's fishing cost here?

BOARDER.—The grocer asks a dollar-and-a-half a quart, but it 's mighty poor stuff.

THE FATE OF THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

BEFORE THE GAME.

BROWN.— Come, now, Jones, help us out.

JONES. — But I can't play ball worth a cent. Never could.

BROWN.—That 's all right. We want just one man to make up the Nine against the Sea Spray House. Come, don't be disagreeable!

JONES.—Well, all right.

AFTER THE GAME.

THE CATCHER.— Great Scott! What a licking! Twenty-six to nine!

THE PITCHER.— All on account of that fellow Jones! *He* lost the game! Wonder who it was that let such a chump play on the Nine, anyway?

A CHANGE IN THE PHRASE.

"Well, it was a case of horse and horse," said Bunker, after Spatts had related a story.

"It might have been called that a year or two ago," replied Spatts; "but nowadays it is better to say it was a case of bike and bike."

DOCTOR.—You must go to the seashore for a couple of months.

MRS. DE STYLE.— Impossible, Doctor! Nobody who is anybody would dream of being seen there before August!

A PROPOSED NAVAL DEMONSTRATION.

BROWN. — Here is a plan for utilizing the navies of the world in the interest of progress.

JONES.— What is it?

BROWN. — It is a suggestion that the combined war ships of the world should go and bombard the icebergs which obstruct the way to the North Pole.

AN EXPURGATED EDITION.

UNCLE NED. — So the Sunday-school teacher took you to the kinetoscope? What did you think of it?

FRANK.— Oh! it was pretty good; but I always thought a kinetoscope would show you a prize-fight.

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GROUND FOR HOPE.

LILLIAN.— But, surely, she must see that he is mercenary.
GRACE.— Of course! That is why she thinks his intentions are serious.

PUCK.
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK *is $5.00 per year.*

$2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.
Keppler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, June 24th, 1896.—No. 1007.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE RELEASE OF McKINLEY.

BY THE time this issue of PUCK is put upon the news stands, Republican delegates at St. Louis will probably have selected the pure and able statesman, the workingman's friend, the defender of American industry, the champion of everything deserving, etc., etc., who is to march at the head of their party in its coming quadrennial parade. Professing no power to read any but the plainest futures, we shall chance the guess that William McKinley is the selection's name. Further interesting particulars about him will doubtless be submitted to an eager populace at an early day. The shell of reticence is shattered, the veil of secresy is rent. Mr. McKinley may now say if he likes a great deal of oil in his salad-dressing, if he believes in the gold standard, if he prefers single to double-tube tires and a high gear on his bicycle, and whether he regards walking under a ladder as a challenge to disaster. The sensation must be one of agreeable relief. For eight months he has been resisting a constantly growing public curiosity as to his views upon the topic of greatest moment to the nation. A Republican convention has at last told him what his views are, and he is now free to taste them on his own lips.

* * *

Candor insists upon the admission that not the least valuable of Mr. McKinley's qualifications is his power of self-control under extreme provocation. In fact it may almost be said that, up to the present time, this is his chief claim to consideration. His recent exhibition of it was superbly impressive. It is doubtful if there is another man in public life to-day who would not, under similar circumstances, have thrown off all restraint and entered upon a wild debauch of personal declaration. There is some evil influence in our political atmosphere that moves an aspirant for place shamelessly to betray his innermost convictions regarding the topic that chances to be of highest importance at the time. Our history tells us of many statesmen who have really achieved a sort of distinction by brazenly voicing their sentiments at times when grave emergencies have confronted the people. Indeed, many men whom Americans revere to-day have been absolutely reckless in their way of telling what they thought about great public questions. Yet, under a withering storm of inquiry that would, seemingly, have moved a wooden Indian to speech, Mr. McKinley has maintained a calm and magnificent silence. With the heavy cross upon his back he has made no sort of protest to the brutal mob that lashed and goaded him with intent to make him say if he favored a fifty-cent dollar. It seems petty praise to call him the Napoleon of Silence. He has given the habit of thoughtless speech a blow from which it will not recover for many a day. Now that Mr. McKinley has shown his fine ability to keep his head shut, however, it is but fair that he should be allowed to talk a bit. He has been told what opinions it is considered safe and wise for him to hold, and he should be let to express them freely, and with ringing earnestness, as if they were life-long convictions—first taking care to remove the price-tags that proclaim their ready-made-ness. The American people are facing what may prove to be a grave crisis in their affairs. They will demand more from a Candidate than from one who aspired to be a candidate. Remembering the conflicting and often heretical views that Mr. McKinley has expressed in his old reckless days of free speech, he will have a busy Summer if he is to convince the people that he is not the enemy of honest finance.

SOCIETY IN TRADE.

EVERY NOW and then the announcement is made that some illustrious member of New York's 400 has "gone into trade." The item must have become quite familiar of late to the reader of the society column of the daily press. Mr. Percy Golfingham-Rocks, finding himself destitute, resolves to work for a living rather than become a public charge, and opens a general provision store on lower Sixth Avenue. Likewise Mrs. Bayshore Windhurst, facing adversity, humbles her high pride to the selling of ladies' hats. Be it understood that PUCK sympathizes in all sincerity with any member of the 400 that is reduced to the ignominy of self-support. But do they not take the matter a little too seriously? Whenever such an announcement is made it is invariably colored by the polite assumption that the aristocracy of New York has had a history like that of the French nobility, and that in entering trade it is braving the terrors of a strange world. The announcement is generally embellished with reference to similar lapses on the part of European nobles. The reader is reminded that Prince Krapotine is a cabman in Moscow; that Prince Solbikoff is a porter in a St. Petersburg meat market; and that the Viscount Hinton, accompanied by his Countess, grinds a hand-organ through the streets of London. But the truth is that an air of decayed nobility does not fit the impoverished New York cotillion-leader, because his family has rarely been out of trade more than one or two generations,—the tradiest kind of trade, too,—pork and kerosene and candles and prunes, and all that sort of thing, you know. If the calloused palms of toil and the smells of small merchandise were not worn by his father they were by his grandfather, and so he makes a poor show in affecting to view his own entry into trade as something almost droll in its unfitness. It is really not wonderful enough to justify the rest of the world in knocking off work to marvel at it. Generally he will take readily to mercantile pursuits, even though he has been the best golf-player in all Tuxedo. PUCK wishes all such a good trade in whatever lines they may choose, but let there be no pretence that they are tarnishing the escutcheons of families that have lived in elegant idleness for five centuries or so. Their ancestral shops are not remote enough to permit the illusion. We can imitate some kinds of trans-Atlantic snobbery fairly well, but our traditions have not yet equipped us for this.

ARTICLE II.—SECTION I.

BROWN.—You still consider Morton a Presidential possibility?

JONES.—Yes;—he 's a native of the United States and over thirty-five years old.

HIS PROPER SPHERE.

DOBSON.—I think McKinley would make a good Vice-President.

ROBINSON.—Why?

DOBSON.—A man who can keep quiet so long would set a noble example to the United States Senate.

PART OF THE PENALTY.

POLITICUS.—The annexation of Cuba would be a costly piece of business.

CIVICUS.—Very! We 'd have two more Senators.

NOT WORRIED.

MRS. SAYSIT.—My husband says that the silver question is becoming a serious matter.

MRS. CASHMAN.—I have given little attention to it, because my husband pays our bills by check.

TIME IS money; and some day the Populists may conclude to make it legal tender.

THE HAPPY JEHU.

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building N.Y.

CORONATION OF THE AUTOCRAT O

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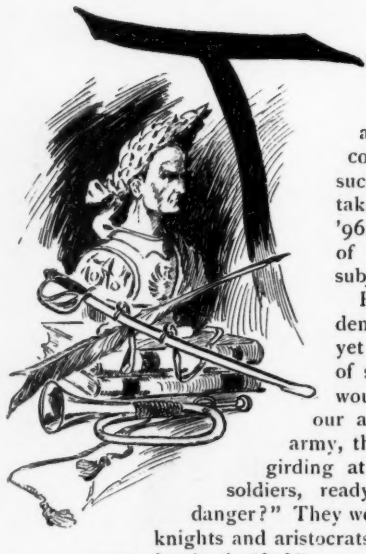
OCRAT OF PROTECTION, JUNE 16, 1896.

OUR ARMY.



THE MILITARY writings of Julius Cæsar and Baron Jomini have proved so valuable in the world, it has occurred to me that, with a better literary style and the advantage of a course at West Point, I could not fail of some success in the same field. I shall, therefore, take our own army, and treat it from '65 to '96, giving heed as well to unconscious charm of style as to technical mastery of the subject.

People are now clamoring for war and demanding defiant and aggressive action; yet war may come in spite of this feeling of security. If war should come, there would be inquiry as to the condition of our army. People would ask: "Is this army, that for thirty-one years we have been girding at as tax-eaters, Coburgers and toy-soldiers, ready now to defend us from serious danger?" They would inquire, "Is this army of carpet-knights and aristocrats the same as when it fought its last great battles in '65?"

The army is not the same. The change from the excitement of campaigns to the dull round of the garrisons was one of violence, sometimes varied, by a happy thought, to vinolence. The army had been the embodiment of ambition, courage and lofty motive, but the fiery ball of martial glory, suddenly checked in its splendid flight, was fairly disintegrated; ambition was quenched in its idleness, and the sword that had led *les enfants perdus* rusted in its scabbard.

These observations constitute the literary portion of our task; but, let us ask now, what, as a matter of fact, worked the change in our army after the war?

Apothegm 1. — At the end of a great war many officers of rank and influence return to active duty.

So, after our Rebellion, those majors who had been absent on safe duty, duly returned. Colonels on leave became well enough to fly to their commands, and draw full pay and allowances. Officers who had been on detached duty in Washington in charge of clerks who kept tab on left-hand gloves and lost cap-ornaments, also rejoined.

When these were at hand they collaborated with other gentlemen who had been in charge of the Reserve. All of these officers were well and strong. They determined to make soldiers out of the men who had done the fighting.

Full of zeal, and replete with knowledge of the science of arms, which they called their "chosen profession," the returned colonels commanded: that forage caps should not be worn jauntily; that stripes on trousers should be one-and-a-quarter inches wide; that cravats should be black. They walked forth over their post, and, surveying it with the fierce, scientific eye of the strategist, they told a man to "turn his toes out more." They went to their offices and issued an order in three paragraphs, that "hereafter men would turn their toes out more."

The army is indeed changed since '65. Its old lawless days of fighting are over. The colonels, with their stern instruction as to the width of stripes, the tactical angle of forage caps and the strategic color of neckties, have taught a loftier conception of the art of war.

Yet, in an instant, a war would dissipate all this perfection. General Grant, who, before the Rebellion, served with the predecessors of the colonels, and found them grim and stern, points out that we can rely on the services of these warriors only in time of peace, as when the first blast of war breaks on their ears, they imitate the action of the tiger by breaking for the brush.

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MERE OSTENTATION.

ISAACSTEIN. — Is dere any difference between a incendiary undt a firebug?

FLAMEBURG. — Not der leasd! A feller vot calls himself a incendiary is choost puttin' on airs.

Apothegm 2.—The true martinet has a disappearing carriage.

If war should come upon us the colonels would retire, and the war could not be conducted in a military manner. It would have to be simply fought out. Troops, escaped from the firm hands of the martinets, would lose their ideals; they would wear ununiform garments; the inch-and-a-quarter stripes, discussed so many years in the highest councils, they would immediately yank off; they would wear a flannel shirt with no stock at all, and hang a slouch hat indifferently on either ear. And, meantime, the colonels would be far away on the billow.

Sometimes these unmilitary troops would fail to say "Sir," and to fall into a fit of humility in the presence of a colonel, and the army would degenerate into men again. Often, without depressing the butts of their pieces, or casting their heads and eyes occasionally to the right, they would rush in and whip the enemy. They would pay little heed how they turned their toes except that these should be turned toward the enemy until they were turned toward the daisies. And the colonels far away on the billow.

But such demoralization would not continue. As soon as the enemy was beaten, the colonels would return.

Apothegm 3. — An army can not be permanently rid of its martinets.

Williston Fish.

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THOUGHTFUL.

MRS. BROWN.— When the baby was only two days old, my husband rushed off to the club —

MRS. JONES. — Went to the club when the child was only two days old?

MRS. BROWN.— Certainly. He wanted to put the little fellow's name on the waiting list.

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"I CAN see through your tricks," said Photog, as he applied his X-rays to the magician's sleight-of-hand performance. —*Norristown Herald.*

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THE TRIMMINGS.

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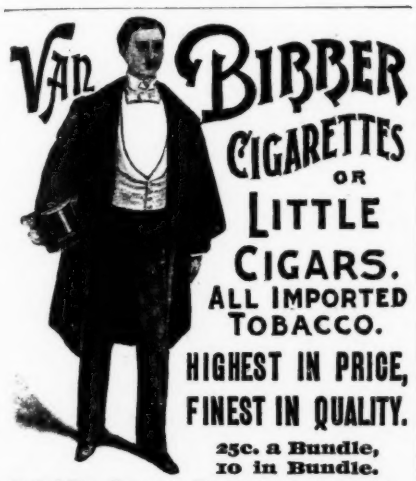
And many a gauzy hummer
Are but the broidery upon
The festive robe of Summer.
—*Detroit Free Press.*



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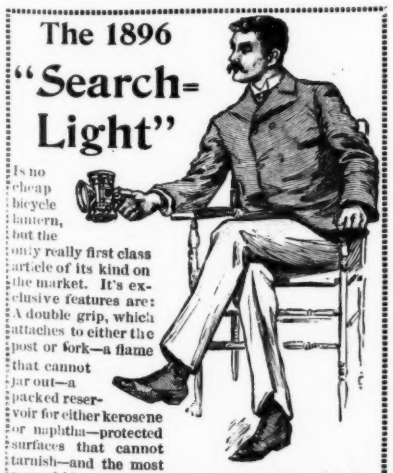

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HIS VIEW.

PARISHIONER.— I doan' see nohow, how Adam an' Eve kin be happy in heaven.

CLERGYMAN.—What fo' can't dey?

PARISHIONER. — Wal, it seems to me dey 'd be tired to death 'pologizin' ter so many folks fer eatin' dat apple.

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SOME TRUTH.

HIS MAMA. — You children know more nowadays than they used to in my time, Freddy.

FREDDY. — That 's coz there 's more to know, Ma.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

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KIND OLD GENTLEMAN.—My boy, what salary do you get?

OFFICE BOY.—Me? I don't get no salary! De boss just chucks me tree plunks on Saturd'y night and tells me ter git. See?—*Roxbury Gazette.*

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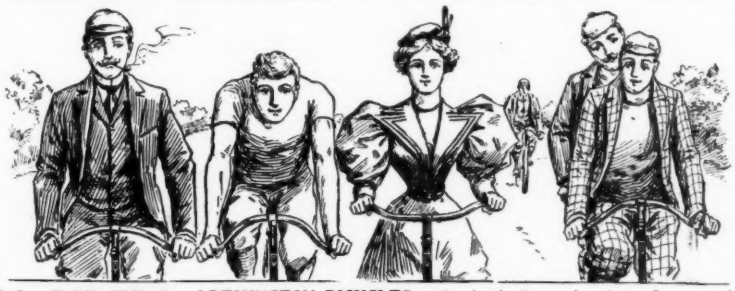
WHEN a barber talks too much his stories are generally illustrated with cuts.—*Texas Sifter.*



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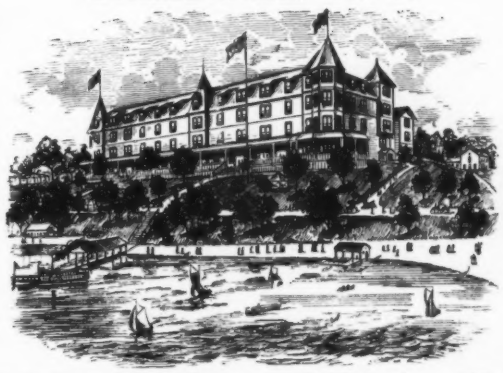

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Who thought it would be fine
To travel and teach and, may be, preach
In his particular line.

So he set sail for Boston town,
A city by the sea,
And out on the sacred Common
Straight promenaded he.

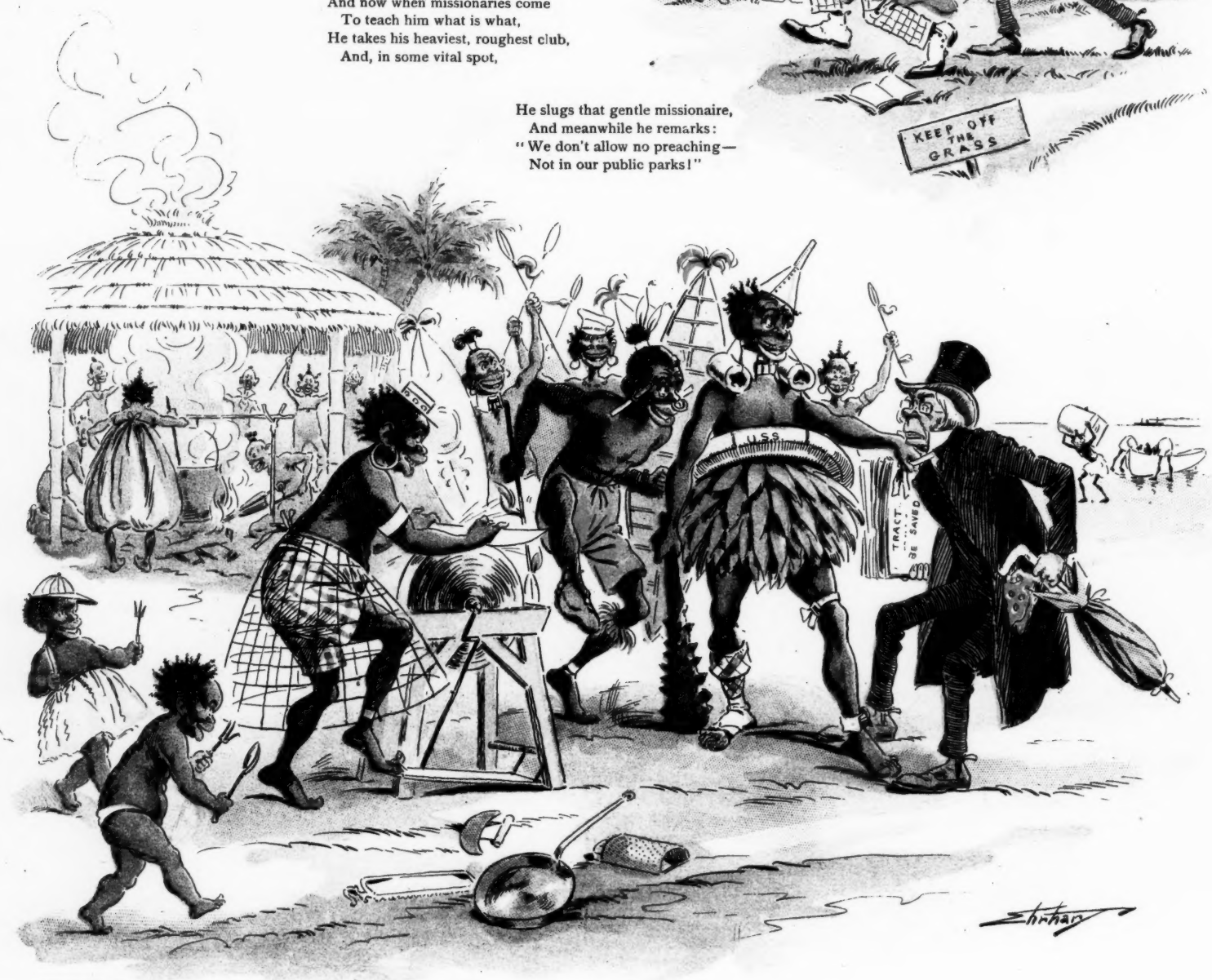
He raised his voice in singing
A preliminary hymn,
When up there came a-swinging
A big policeman grim.

"Come, come," he said, "my laddiebuck,
Now, this can't be allowed!
It is agin the statute
To be gathering a crowd!"

The cannibal protested,
But all his cries were vain,
They took him to a sailing craft
And sent him home again.

And now when missionaries come
To teach him what is what,
He takes his heaviest, roughest club,
And, in some vital spot,

He slugs that gentle missionaire,
And meanwhile he remarks:
"We don't allow no preaching—
Not in our public parks!"



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